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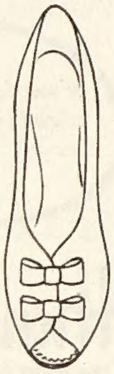

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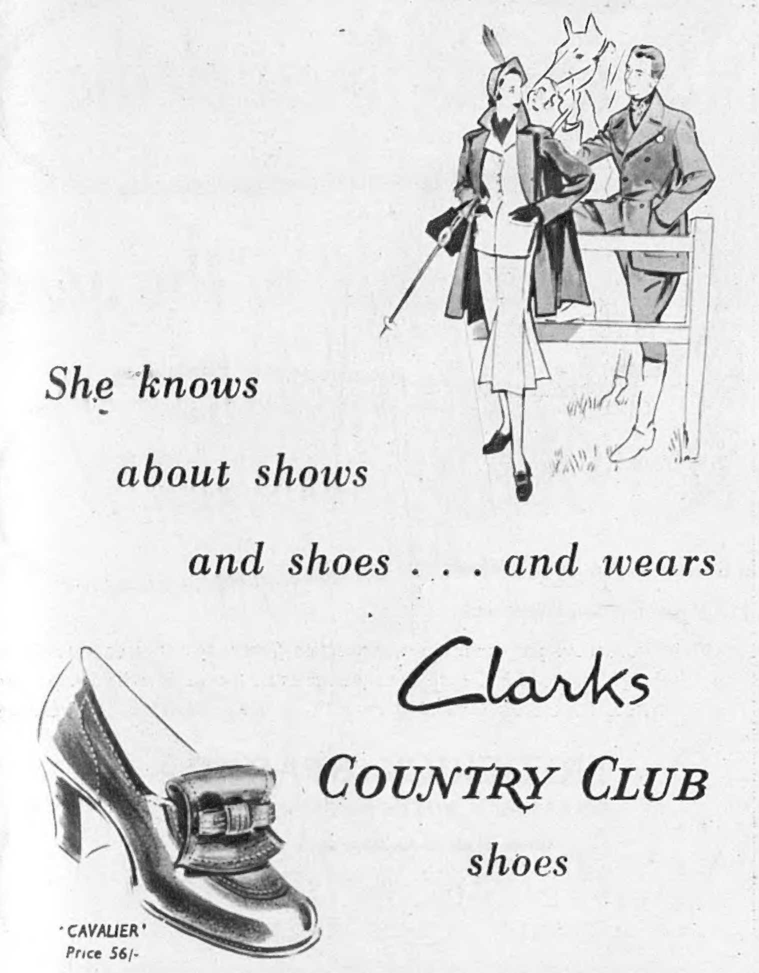

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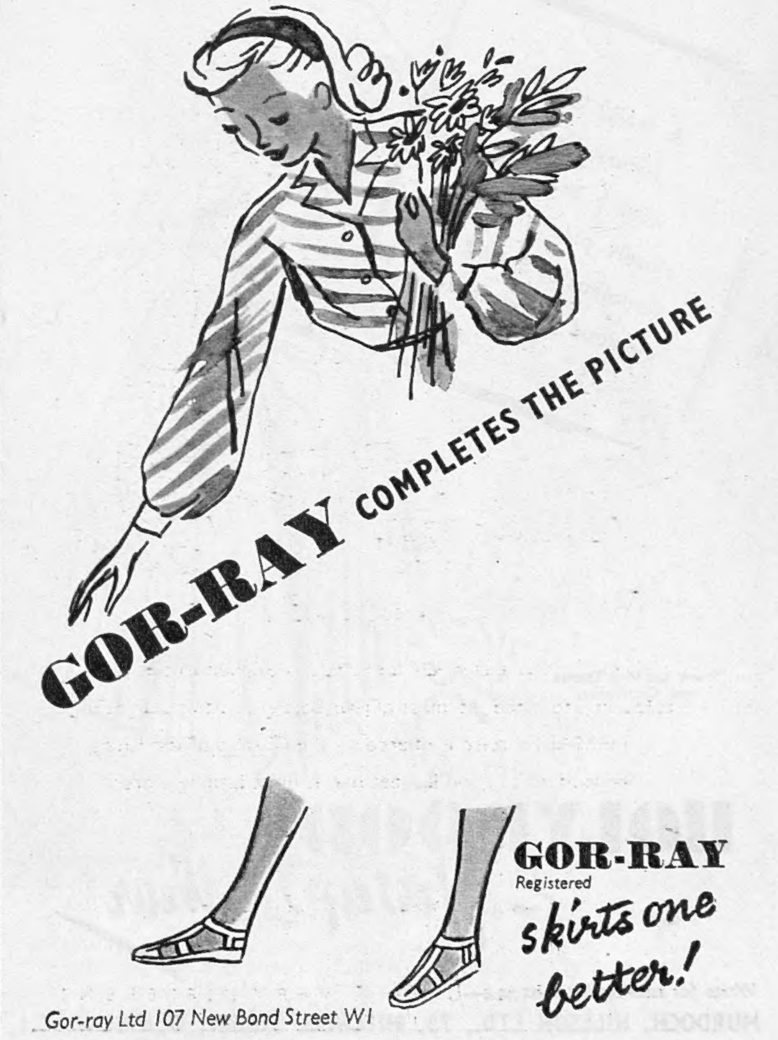

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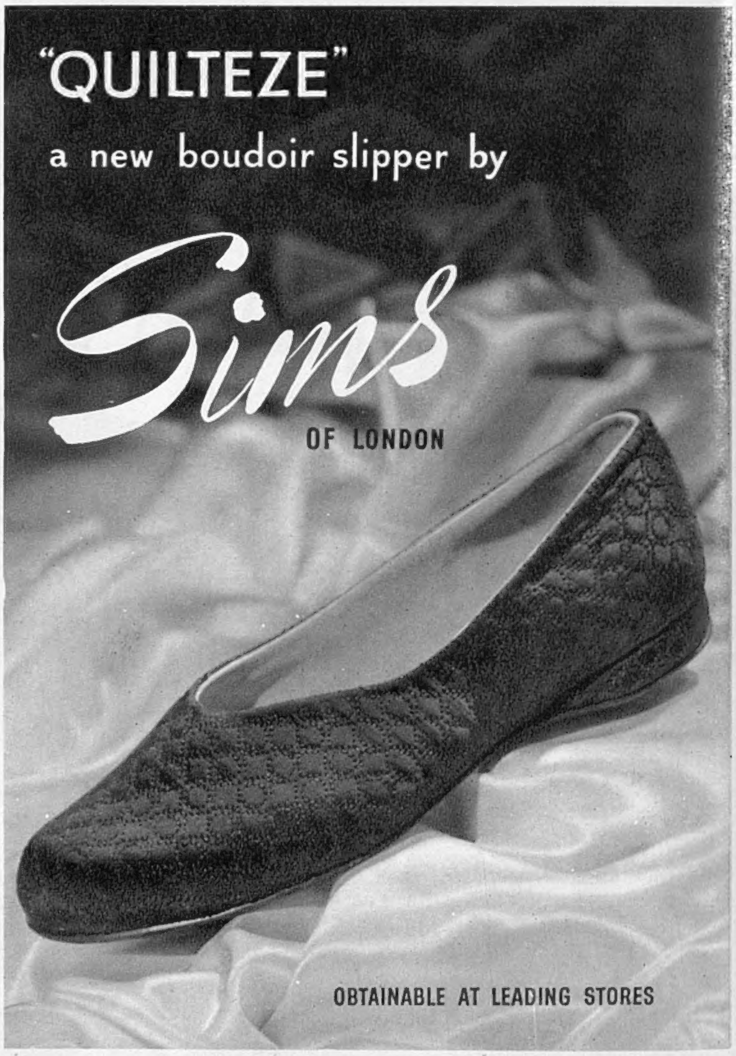

The Sketch

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 15, 1950

PROBLEM CHILD AT THE VICARAGE

TWENTY-YEAR-OLD Andrea Lea is playing the part of Lettice Protheroe, the "problem" child in Agatha Christie's *Murder at the Vicarage* at the Playhouse. Andrea made her screen début in *The Last Days of Dolwyn*, and was seen recently with Michael Denison in the film *Landfall*. [Photographed by GERMAINE KANOVA.]

B

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INSIDE INFORMATION

BEVERLEY BAXTER

IVOR BROWN

C. A. LEJEUNE

J. C. TREWIN

RUPERT CROFT-COOKE

Leaders and members of the three major political parties attended a pre-Election service at St. Paul's Cathedral on February 2. Included in the front row, from the right, are Mr. Clement Davies, Mr. and Mrs. Churchill and Mr. and Mrs. Attlee.

Sketch-Book

BEVERLEY BAXTER

EVERY now and then an incident happens that illuminates more clearly than a book of statistics the changing times in which we live. Such an incident occurred recently when the Baxter family journeyed to Covent Garden for a performance of *Madam Butterfly*.

With some daring, I wore a dinner jacket, and in the first interval strolled up to the foyer, where Emerald Cunard used to hold forth to all the Bright Old Things of those days. It was the same foyer, and it was just as crowded, but I felt as if I were a ghost returning to a castle which had been taken over by the Coal Board.

There was not one face we had ever seen before. It might as well have been Hoboken, or Prague, or Wigan Pier. Like the poet, I felt as one who treads alone a banquet hall deserted, for there is nothing so lonely as a crowd. But my melancholy isolation was broken by a young man in grey flannels and a corduroy coat who advanced upon me and said : " Excuse me, but are you an official of the Opera ? "

His tone was polite but firm, and with proper docility towards authority I was about to excuse myself and leave the foyer, when I decided to stand my ground.

" I am not an official of the Opera," I said. " I am a patron, or, should I say, a customer ? "

He apologised nicely and went on his way. Perhaps he wanted to know about future productions, or he may have wished to enquire as to the gentlemen's retreat. But why did he suspect me of being an official ?

Then it came to me. It was the evening dress. Undoubtedly he had seen cinema managers standing in that garb in the foyer of their palaces ; probably he had watched circus proprietors similarly uniformed. If I didn't work at the Opera House then why the clothes of servitude ?

Only ten years ago one would have been refused admission to the stalls because one was wearing a black tie. In Paris and in Rome evening dress was, and perhaps still is, essential for the Opera. It was a compliment paid to the artists—though no doubt many people went to be seen rather than to listen ; but an audience is part of a production, and it is a pity that we no longer dress for the rôles we are called on to play.

Even if we live in the age of the common man, need he be quite so common ? Undoubtedly it is difficult for the young man to afford the excessive cost of evening dress, but most of us over forty,

men and women alike, who can afford the price of stalls have the proper garments for such an occasion.

Was it not Emerson who said: "The sense of being perfectly well-dressed gives a feeling of inward tranquillity which religion is powerless to bestow"?

A misanthropic thought—but it is a thought.

"MADAM BUTTERFLY" was first written by an American as a short story, the Japanese heroine being fifteen years of age. Puccini, belonging to a race where the female matures at an early age, kept it in the libretto of the opera. When the American Consul asks Butterfly at her wedding to give her age, she replies: "Fifteen exactly."

The spectacle of a huge prima donna confessing to such tender years has produced titters in opera houses, in all the northern climes at least, and therefore I commend the device at Covent Garden whereby she now whispers it to the Consul behind her fan.

The rôle of Lieutenant B. F. Pinkerton of the U.S. Navy was one of John McCormack's favourites. One night in Dublin he held forth on the subject to a few of us gathered in his flat.

"I am the only tenor," he said, "who ever did justice to Pinkerton. Look at the poor sap! When the opera begins he is a Lieutenant. When he comes back in the last act, after being away three years, he is still a lieutenant, without even a service ribbon. No wonder his initials were B.F. But I altered all that. When I came on in the third act I wore gold braid on my sleeve right up to the elbow and had a whole string of ribbons. I was at least a rear-admiral and more likely commander-in-chief. The trouble with tenors is that they have no imagination."

To return for a moment to this gentle subject of music, I went at Malcolm Sargent's invitation to the Albert Hall, where he was doing Beethoven's Choral Ninth Symphony. It was one of the Proms, and a painter might well have found a theme in the faces of young people standing in awe and reverence for something like an hour and forty minutes.

Malcolm hurled himself upon the orchestra and chorus like a d'Artagnan fighting a duel against a whole regiment of the Cardinal's Guards. Afterwards we went home to his flat, where for the first time in a friendship of thirty years I saw him really tired. He was quite exhausted, and sprawled in his chair as if he might sleep in it instead of going to bed.

Then suddenly his fatigue ended. "Let's go and have some supper," he said, and a few minutes later we were attacking some excellent food in a Brompton Road restaurant. He was in sparkling form, and we fell to discussing the exact rôle that an orchestral conductor has to play.

To me a conductor should first be a musician, then a ballet dancer, and finally an actor. Not only must he keep his players together and inspire them to glory, but he also must express the meaning of the music to the eye of the audience. When Beecham conducts Mozart he does everything but put on a powdered wig. When he gives us Tschaikovsky's *Romeo and Juliet* he almost climbs the balcony. Toscanini hypnotises both the orchestra and the audience by using the bâton like a wand. De Sabata's face changes from ecstasy to sorrow, and he weaves poetry with his hands.

Sargent was shocked at this appraisal of conductorship. He is a man with a good conceit of himself, yet without vanity. His concern is with the orchestra and, if there happens to be one, the chorus. His supreme duty is to the composer, whose interpreter he is for that night. Almost with violence he rejected my suggestion that in the latter part of Beethoven's Ninth, where there is a luscious foretaste of Strauss's Rosenkavalier Trio to come, he should put down his bâton and mould it sensuously with his hands. "In other words," he said, "you would ask me to stage an act?" I said that it was even so. He shook his head and declared that Beethoven's Ninth being the very summit of inspiration should not be used as a vehicle for showmanship.

Yet later on he told a story that unintentionally supported my view that a conductor is the visible expression of the music. He mentioned two critics who were fiercely divided on the interpretation of a symphony, one declaring that Conductor "A" gave it a meaning that was completely missing by Conductor "B," and *vice versa*. One night Sargent had them to his flat for supper and the controversy raged furiously. "I then told them," said Sargent, "that I had secured the recordings of both renditions and proposed that we should listen to them on the gramophone. So I put on 'A's' version, which confirmed each critic in his original opinion."

"Now," said Malcolm, "we shall listen to 'B's' rendition."

When it was over the first critic was triumphant. "You must see," he said, "that it completely lacks the subtlety of 'A.'" The other critic charged him with being not only mad but tone deaf. He argued that under "B's" bâton it was almost a different work.

Then, rather cruelly, Sargent blew them through the roof by explaining that he had played "A's" recordings both times. In fact, he did not have "B's" records at all.

This was a good joke, and musical critics as a class are so pontifical and erudite that any jest at their expense is to be commended. Yet there is a possible explanation. Obviously the two conductors had visibly expressed the music in a different manner. What the critics thought was a verdict of the ear was in reality a verdict of sight added to sound.

"If the eye is of such importance," said Malcolm, "why do the people elect so many bald, stout M.P.s?"

I told him that, like the third man in the Gallup Poll, I did not know.

I MUST apologise to the numerous readers of *The Sketch* who sent me their list of "Delights." Their confessions were without exception revealing and interesting, and I am sorry that there is not space to give them the passing immortality of print.

Therefore I shall close the Book of Delights with a final contribution from Phyllis Dobson, who is the wife and the favourite model of the eminent Cowan Dobson—the only portrait painter who does card tricks while his subjects are given a respite.

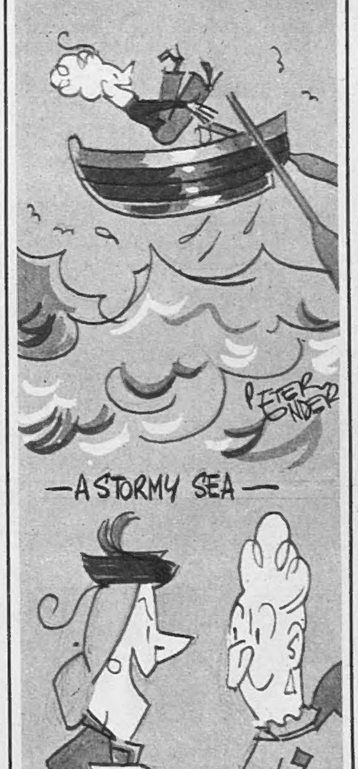
Mrs. Dobson looks like *une femme fatale*, is eminently sensible, plays good bridge and mixes a pretty cocktail—in other words, a mystery without a menace. Here she reveals her menu of delights:

"An autumn morning—the smell of chrysanthemums—a snowstorm—a stormy sea—travelling to Edinburgh first-class sleeper—the first cigarette of the day—getting presents—giving presents—being flattered—lying in an exotically perfumed bath for an hour—sitting for a new portrait for my husband—preparing for any party, dinner for four and a good game of bridge—private views—an antique shop—bluebells in a wood—snowdrops—listening to the Derby on the wireless—Monte Carlo in winter—trying on hats—a new evening frock—tango band—a nice, scandalous gossip—scheming to get something I want—people."

Beverley Baxter

"FIFTEEN EXACTLY"

—PONTIFICAL AND ERUDITE—



—A STORMY SEA—

—SCANDALOUS GOSSIP—

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Candid Cameo

SIR ALFRED MUNNINGS, P.P.R.A.

By Ivor Brown

THERE was no such thing as Still Life at Burlington House when Sir Alfred Munnings presided in the chair of Sir Joshua Reynolds. The occupation of that throne was regarded by Munnings with a profound reverence: for, though he can hit at what he hates, he can bow to what he loves. He is grandly cantankerous, but not in the least conceited. He knows his Old Masters and he loathes his New Frauds: and what he knows he venerates.

Because an artist talks and walks like a horseman, because he is a countryman (East Anglian) by birth, by affection, and by present residence, it is unlikely that the intellectual fops or the Prig Critics of the Left will trouble to be fair to him. So, when it comes to reviewing the Royal Academy, it is their way to pretend that Munnings simply isn't there. Such silence about an artist who has been exhibiting at the Academy for fifty-one years and was President for five years is not only rude: it is silly. It was said of President Roosevelt that everybody was against him—except the voters. In the same way, everybody is against Munnings—except the public. They believe that he knows what he is doing, they like what he does and they will pay considerable prices to possess it—a sufficient proof.

Munnings learned to live and laugh and quarrel and, above all, to paint in Norwich: he began with lithography and poster-design and two hours a night at the art-school. He went to Bungay races and there saw the world in hue—gleaming horses, jockeys in the silk, gipsy caravans, all the fun of the fair and all the fair aspects of the fun. This, he determined, would be his world, and painting his profession. And with rare skill and gusto has he painted that lively kingdom.

But he would hate you to think that Munnings and horse-portraiture are synonymous. He loves landscape, with or without boot and saddle in the foreground, and he loves painting the contours of the country and the mighty rhythms of tree and copse and cloud. His country is Constable's: he is of the East Anglian levels. He loves Exmoor, too, and writes ballads of rolling Devon and the chase: but his natural home is where Essex and Suffolk march quietly together or where the Norfolk waters meander to the sea.

The land, especially England, is his life, his creed, his comforter. In London he may find Chelsea and Piccadilly and his clubs endurable, but he is fidgeting for fresh air all the time, and the labour that he so long gave as President of the Academy to routine business and sessions in conference and committee was real self-denial. He would have been much happier down at Dedham, seeing land put into good heart and throwing his heart into painting the land.

Perhaps it is this gasping for decent, rustic air and for the scents of field and farm that makes him so gusty in conversation, so forthright in debate. There is no trimming, no tactful moderation of terms when Munnings is on his feet and the New Art is on the carpet. If he thinks a thing is fraudulent, incompetent bosh he is delighted to say so—and damn the consequences.

He believes that pictures should be pictorial: if you asserted that every picture should tell a story, he would not disagree. Abstract patterns and the crazy dreams of surrealism are just a bad blot on good canvas to him, as ugly building and rubbish-dumps are a blot upon the countryside. He is not of the tolerant kind who would say, "Well, have your nightmares and leave me the true blue and green of an English summer day. Each to his own." He would rather protest that your cup of tea is a cup of poison and that the public must be warned against such disastrous stuff.

So, he roars from his corner on the Right, a William Cobbett of the artists' world. So, too, he plunges into speech-making, and listeners-in to last year's R.A. Banquet may regard him, in matters of rhetoric, as in a class of his own. But when he has roared, he laughs. For the world, even with Klee and Picasso in it, is still a comedy. The air is fresh on Newmarket Heath and keen upon the Anglian water-meadows. There's a Jumping Meeting at Sandown Park. So life goes on. He will always cut the cackle and come to the 'osses.

Art has no holes-in-the-corner, no remote ivory towers for him. Art is looking at life and recording life, not with photography, but with discernment. Keenness of vision, output of energy, and knowledge of the craft—these are what he believes in and these are what he would have imparted by the Royal Academy, which is a great teaching body as well as a great examining body. In knowledge of craft he himself excels: his sense and use of colour in his pictures of the racecourse, the runners, and the jockeys is unique in our time. But do not press that complimentary statement too far; he will retort that landscape is his heaven.

He had a youthful year or two in the Paris studios, but he is a piece of England through and through, a piece of an England that is mainly past. To have bought your first horse from a publican on the Newmarket Road, and paid for it with a picture—the publican probably did better for himself than he dreamed—smacks of the eighteenth century. In that epoch Sir Alfred would have lived very happily and contracted gout on the grand scale. He suffers from that agony even in our own lean and waterish times. But I am sure that he is not always or often worrying about the sins of the present. He has too large an appetite for living and for speaking his mind. Give him the freedom of a saddle, the right of free speech, and a paintbrush by his side, and he will even forget what the last-minute Boogie-woogists are up to in the arts.

There are some nowadays so frightened that they won't say "boo" to a Boogie-woogist. Munnings will say a lot more than "boo"—and some of the words may begin with the same letter.

★

Who . . . Me?

THANK you, sir. Ivor Brown has done me well. He has written about gasping for decent, rustic air. Here's some—with the moonlight thrown in.

One Saturday in September, more than forty years ago, I saw Drake in the sale-yard near the Bell Hotel at Norwich. He was with the usual throng of horse-dealers and trotting fraternity.

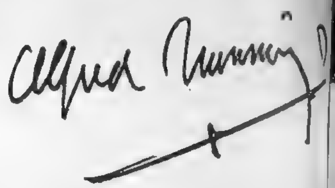
"Mr. Munnin's," said he, "me and the missus and kids with the caravan and hosses are up near Alby. There's a common with geese, ducks, cows, ponies, and I don't know what else, for ye to paint. Why don't ye come for a week?"

Looking at the old gold ring on one of his brown fingers, then at the long brass-bound whip, and the black silk handkerchief round his neck, I hesitated.

"I'll meet ye at Aylsham Station with a hoss and cart," said he . . .

I recall the common, the calm, grey autumn weather, and the rum blokes I was to meet: the intelligent lurchers—and one in particular which kept Drake's family in a state of good living, for Mrs. Drake was a rare cook with a hare or pheasant. I see myself with Drake by a gate in the moonlight. His dog is coming towards us through the brittle stubble carrying a hare which Drake puts into the large pocket in the skirt of his coat. The lurcher pants behind us as we walk back. On the way another hare is found, coursed, and caught. "And still the same calm moon."

"Ain't it a lovely night?" said Drake. He had the true instincts of a countryman, and a love of life, which I shared with him.



BACKGROUND TO MUNNINGS

LADY DAVSON AND HER TOY-PORTRAITURE

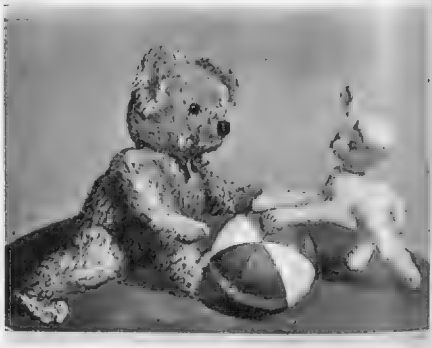
This jungle painting, *Tiger, Tiger*, was inspired by a toy tiger, a tiger-lily, and an aspidistra.

GRANDDAUGHTER of the famous novelist Elinor Glyn, Lady Davson had an amusing and original idea when she started painting pictures of her little girl's toys. At her December exhibition in Park Lane, a number of these brightly-coloured paintings were quickly bought as Christmas presents for children. With their witty titles they made a lively show, and a big firm speedily commissioned a set for reproduction. Lady Davson, whose husband Sir Geoffrey Davson is the second baronet, was called to the Bar last month. She is twenty-six.

Fighting for the Crown is the title of another of these spirited toy portraits.

Absorbed in her mother's painting is little daughter Caroline, whose toys are the models.

Brief Encounter, like all the other pictures, was painted with a palette-knife.



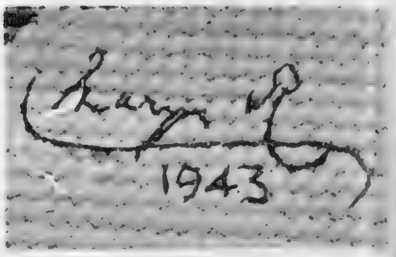
Inspiration above, and below, realisation—a gay little conversation-piece.

Photographed by CHRIS WARE.

NEW PRESIDENT OF THE R.A.D.A.

MISS ATHENE SEYLER was elected President of the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art on January 25, in succession to the late Dame Irene Vanbrugh. A past student of the Academy, and a Bancroft Gold Medallist, Miss Seyler is one of our most distinguished character actresses. From the start of her career she has had a penchant for comedy rôles, in which her irresistible sparkle has brought her a thousand fans. She played such parts with Sir Charles Wyndham, Sir Gerald du Maurier, Sir Charles Hawtrey; and besides her wide range of Shakespearean parts, she has played in nearly all the Restoration classics. In addition to her many screen appearances and the rest of her busy life she wrote, with the late Stephen Haggard, a book, *The Craft of Comedy*. She is seen here in *Harvey*, at the Prince of Wales Theatre, where she played for long opposite the sadly-missed Sid Field.

Photographed by MADAME YEVONDE.



QUEEN MARY HELPS THE DOLLAR DRIVE

FOR the past eight years Queen Mary has been working on this beautiful carpet, which she has presented to the nation with the express wish that it should be sold for dollars, the proceeds to go to the National Exchequer. Measuring 10 ft. 2 in. by 6 ft. 9½ in., the carpet is executed in *gros point* in an English XVIIIth-century pattern of flowers and birds, in traditional colours on a beige ground. Each of the twelve panels bears her Majesty's signature, with the year in which it was worked. Apart from the joining of the sections together, all the work, including the blending of the colours, has been done by Queen Mary, to designs drawn by the Royal College of Needlework, of which she was once a student. This is not Queen Mary's first gift to the dollar drive, for in 1948 six *gros point* chair-covers worked by her for the Queen's District Nursing Fund were sold in America for 10,000 dollars to Mrs. Edward Harkness, who presented them to the Metropolitan Museum, New York.

SKETCH DATE-BOOK

(Our Social Diary)

JAN. 25.
At International Cocktail Competition at Olympia's Hotel and Catering Exhibition. Judges assessed apéritifs for aroma, potency, goût. Among eminent tasters (left) Mrs. Margaret Hastings and Mr. Hugh Dickinson.

JAN. 26.
After their wedding at St. Margaret's, Westminster, Mr. Julian Amery, son of former Secretary of State for India, Mr. L. S. Amery, and Mrs. Amery, and bride, Miss Catherine Macmillan, daughter of Mr. Harold and Lady Dorothy Macmillan.

JAN. 26.
H.E. the French Ambassador, M. René Massigli, and Mme. Massigli gave a house-warming party at new French Embassy, 11, Kensington Palace Gardens. The house magnificent. In photograph: their Excellencies, with Lord Cholmondeley.

JAN. 26.
A fashion display added interest and glamour to the Anglo-Brazilian Society's Ball at the Dorchester, at which many diplomats present. In picture Mrs. Charles Wood and Lord Lyle were having a joke. Could it have been three-dimensional?

JAN. 26.
Married at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge: Prince Michael Cantacuzène, son of Prince and Princess Serge Cantacuzène, of Sandricourt, Amblainville, France, to Miss Barbara Hanbury-Williams, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Hanbury-Williams, of Shaw Farm, Wootton Bassett.

JAN. 26.
First-nighters at the Globe for Christopher Fry's enchanting romantic charade from the French of Jean Anouilh, Ring Round the Moon, included Mr. and Mrs. Michael Stewart.

[Continued overleaf.

JAN. 26.
Fashion flowered exultantly at Covent Garden's gala performance of The Sleeping Beauty ballet, to which London's fashion designers invited international buyers. Here: Miss M. L. Taylor, of New York, Mrs. O. Ziegler, designer Peter Russell.

JAN. 26.
At India House, High Commissioner gave reception on inauguration of Republic of India. Present: the Lord Chancellor, Mr. Attlee, Ambassadors, Ministers, Commonwealth High Commissioners. In picture, Lady Mountbatten with the Begum Narayan, Mr. Chuter Ede.

JAN. 27.
Bandstand at Petersfield Town Hall was banked with flowers for the Hambledon Hunt Ball, and lots of comfortable chairs for sitting-out. In the picture, Wing-Cdr. R. A. G. Edwards and Mrs. M. Selby-Lowndes. Noted Major and the Hon. Mrs. E. A. Northen.

JAN. 27.
Four hundred guests attended the Quorn Hunt Ball, which was held at Kingston Hall, Derby, home of Lord and Lady Belper, whose son, Major the Hon. R. Strutt, is joint-Master. Sitting out here are Lady Mary Cambridge, Major William Fife.

JAN. 27.
At the Grafton Hunt Ball Major C. Seymour filled his wife's glass, while Lady George Scott, in charming net dress, looked on. Big number of guests enjoyed dancing in Wakefield Lodge, Potterspury, Towcester, home of Mr. and Mrs. Norman Gee, he a member of the Hunt Committee.

JAN. 28.
Battle of Britain pilot and A.T.S. ex-member united at St. Martin-in-the-Fields when Mr. Hugh S. L. Dundas, son of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Dundas, of Cawthorne, near Barnsley, married the Hon. Enid R. Lawrence, daughter of Lord and Lady Oaksey, of Hill Farm, Oaksey, Wiltshire. Reception: Niblett Hall.

SKETCH

JAN. 30.

At the Fortune Theatre the War Office Operatic Society gave performance of The Rose of Persia. In a box were the Iraqi Ambassador and his wife, T.R.H. Prince and Princess Zeid-al-Hussein. Princess Zeid is a painter of talent.

FEB. 1.

Mr. Rex Nankivell's Redfern Gallery overflowed at cocktail-party to introduce young Swiss painter, Rolf Durig, who 's just held most successful Paris show. His work is broad, colourful. Among many Swiss from the Legation were the Minister and Mme. Torrente. In the picture Sir Edward Marsh and the young artist.

FEB. 2.

Wedding at St. Mark's, North Audley Street. The bride: Miss Anne M. Mackail, younger daughter of author Mr. Denis Mackail, of 26, Brunswick Terrace, Hove, and of the late Mrs. Mackail. The groom: Mr. David J. N. Yorke, son of the late Hon. Claud and Mrs. Yorke. The honeymoon is being spent between South of France and Italy.

FEB. 3.

At the Dorchester, the R.A.F. Officers' Reunion Ball, attended by past and present Chiefs of Air Ministry and various Commands. Dancing to George (Herr) Crow and Blue Mariners' Band. In picture, Lady Rafter, General J. Ackerman, U.S. Air Attaché, Mrs. P. T. S. Boggis.

FEB. 4.

Wilton Hunt Ball held in Salisbury's Guildhall, which, with its handsome crystal chandeliers and paintings, and hung round with flags, fine venue for good occasion. In picture, l. to r.: Captain Lionel Cecil, the Master, Miss Davina Portman, Mr. Hugh Craig Harvey, and Mrs. Cecil.

FEB. 6.

Gala night at Ciro's—one of many events in connection with City of Westminster Mayor's Appeal, supporting Prince Philip's work for National Playing Fields Association. In picture: Major Huskisson and daughter, with, right, Miss Muriel Smith.

DATE-BOOK

[Continued overleaf.

SKETCH DATE-BOOK

(Abroad)

JAN. 12.

Athens. In to-day's mail, snapshot and news of distinguished Irish author, Louis McNeice, with wife and daughter. He 's new appointed Director of the British Institute in Greece. Right: Major Tatham, M.C., British Council representative in Athens.

JAN. 15.

Nassau, Bahamas. Pleasant dégagé picture of Sir Sydney and Lady Oakes—she 's a Dane—outside The Gate House, with their Shetland sheep-dogs. His father was member of Bahamas Legislative Council; Sir Sydney intends to make Nassau his permanent home.

JAN. 19.

Florida. At opening of Hialeah Park racetrack, some British socialites among those present; in picture, Mr. Charles Munn, Mrs. Winston Guest, wife of U.S. polo-player, with Lord and Lady Sefton on right. A big crowd, nearly 20,000, laid bets of over $1,000,000.

JAN. 29.

Athens. At special film-show in aid of "Friends of the Village" organisation, no entrance fees charged, but visitors brought gifts for peasant families returning to ruined homes. Lady Norton, right, British Ambassador's wife, took bag of boots; Princess Katherine of Greece (Lady Katherine Brandram) had big parcel, too.

JAN. 29.

Paris. The President of the French Republic and Mme. Auriol gave brilliant reception to Diplomatic Corps at the Elysée. On left Mme. Auriol chatted with M. Edouard Herriot, head of the Radical-Socialist party; with M. Auriol seen left. On right, Sir Oliver Harvey (left), the British Ambassador, and Lady Harvey, in talk with M. Pleven, of the Ministry of National Defence. A royal welcome and very full programme awaits the President and Mme. Auriol on their state visit to London next month.

They drove from the Church.

The bride's lovely dress was of dove-grey-pink tie-silk covered with very fine French lace of matching shade. Her hat was a mass of tiny pleated fans of the same material.

AT THE WEDDING OF LORD AND LADY MILFORD HAVEN

THE Marquess of Milford Haven and Mrs. Romaine Simpson were married at a simple and dignified service at the National Presbyterian Church in Washington, D.C., on February 4. Between 500 and 600 guests attended the service, including Lady Franks, wife of the British Ambassador in Washington, Sir Frederick Hoyer Millar, Minister at the British Embassy, and Lady Hoyer Millar. As the bridal party left the church, bells played a peal specially written for the occasion. After three weeks' honeymoon on the eastern shore of Maryland, in England and in Switzerland, they will return to New York.

They cut the wedding cake at the reception in Mrs. McIlwaine's flat.

At the reception. Standing, from left to right: Mr. J. Averell Clark, Jr.; Mr. Harry Brooks; Mrs. Elizabeth Griffin; Mrs. Clark McIlwaine, the bride's mother; Lord and Lady Milford Haven; Mr. Albert Hardman; Mrs. William S. Harkness; Mr. Benjamin Thoron, and Count Georges Lasocki. Seated, left to right: Mr. Joseph H. Moran II.; Lord Jellicoe, Second Secretary at the British Embassy; Colonel Anthony J. Drexel Biddle.

THE THEATRE

"RING ROUND THE MOON."

". . . Next morning," ends Margaret Rutherford reminiscently, " he crossed the frontier, and a bull killed him in Madrid." Who was killed, and why? Heaven knows. It is the sort of speech we learn to expect in *Ring Round the Moon*, which is beguiling moonstruck nonsense, adapted by the inevitable Christopher Fry from the French of Jean Anouilh. You either hugely enjoy such a charade as this, or come away glumly, complaining that the world has straws in its hair, and what's that fellow Brook been up to again? Peter Brook has been up to a good many things. All who admire, as I do, the freshness and wit with which he approaches any play, will appreciate his work on this agreeable jest, from the moment Paul Scofield appears—first as one twin, then another—to the last flicker of fireworks in which a fantasy, gaily sustained, as gaily ends.

Among the personages of the play, which is performed (at the Globe) in a Winter Garden in spring, are Twins, a Crumbling Butler, a Secretive Secretary, a Faded Companion, a Melancholy Millionaire, a Lepidopterist, a Ballet Dancer, a Teacher of the Pianoforte, and a General. The last of these, if I remember, does nothing but dance across the stage. And I have not mentioned the Aunt, who is Margaret Rutherford, and who spends the evening trumpeting imperiously from her bath-chair. I recall a fantastic tango, danced by Marjorie Stewart and Richard Wattis, and an enchanting bit of moon-madness when, after supper, the Melancholy Millionaire (Cecil Trouncer), having realised that the Cinderella-dancer (Claire Bloom) cannot be bought, joins her in shredding vast quantities of his useless money until the stage is white with it. I recall someone saying to the Crumbling Butler (David Horne): " You have a pleasant face," and the butler—who is called Joshua—observing, in effect: " I belong to a generation of old servants who could never permit themselves to have such a thing on duty." And, of course, Paul Scofield—acting with much deftness and humour—is forever chasing himself about as the pair of twins in the midst of the Château ball.

The real centre of the ball is the little dancer whom the aggressive Hugo has hired to distract his brother from the millionaire's daughter, Diana. But any attempt to describe the plot is as reasonable as trying to grasp a handful of moonlight. This is a " charade with music," and though it goes on too long, it is usually good fun; and it is beautifully acted, set (by Oliver Messel), and produced. If you are of a school that echoes someone in the cast and says, " They have all gone off their heads to-night," then I can say nothing more. But—a last word—what is wrong with a little gay madness? Christopher Fry's version of Anouilh is dexterous and good-humoured. It is, indeed, an evening without bitterness—and how pleasant that is in the theatre!

" A LADY MISLAID."—Avice Landone, Ronald Ward and Hugh Latimer in a scene from Kenneth Horne's new comedy-thriller at the St. Martin's Theatre.

J. C. TREWIN

"A LADY MISLAID." Here, too, at the St. Martin's, we do not talk much about the plot. We are in a country cottage of rather alarming architecture and olde oake beames, occupied by a young—and, it appears, not very successful—novelist and her charming elder sister. The sister has a remarkable gift of sympathy, a superbly Galsworthian feeling for the underdog. Any tale of woe will bring the ready tear. She is not perhaps the right tenant for a cottage which may or may not have a body under the boards or in the chicken-run. She sympathises much too readily with the mild Mr. Smith, who is believed in the district to be the criminal, and who drops in on her in his amiable and diffident way. At the end of the piece, for quite different reasons, she is prepared to console the bright young detective-sergeant, with the inappropriate name of Bullock, who has been finding this a more than commonly difficult case. (And who will blame him?) Kenneth Horne clearly enjoyed writing the comedy: it is light, witty (in the situation) and inventive, and the cast enjoys it as much as the author. Avice Landone's technique is now a joy; Ronald Ward hops about like an endearing sparrow; Hugh Latimer shows with relish what a policeman's lot can be; and Derek Blomfield (bulldog breed), Gwendoline Watford (literary sister), Joan Sanderson (in and out of the kitchen), and Joslin Parlane all keep up our spirits and most happily sustain the piece.

A DOUBLE BILL. The surprising double bill at the Lyric, Hammersmith, brings together a famous dramatist of a past generation who has been out of the picture lately, and a youngish writer of to-day who seems for a week or so to have been dominating the London theatre. Here, I think, the older dramatist wins. Barrie's *Shall We Join the Ladies?* still exasperates—it is annoying to be handed a puzzle without an answer—but, at the same time, we cannot help admiring the art with which it is written, the way in which we are led firmly up the garden. This is, in its fashion, a model first act. John Gielgud has produced smoothly, and Ernest Jay—though he might project himself more—nicely blends the benign and the sinister.

Christopher Fry's early piece, *The Boy with a Cart*, is less happy. This small play, which hardly stands up to professional presentation, tells the legend of Cuthman, a youth who wheeled his mother in a handcart from Cornwall to Sussex, built a church at Steyning, and became the Sussex saint. It is gentle, quiet, edifying, and on the whole tedious, and the verse lacks the usual Fry felicities. We greet the appearance of Richard Burton and Mary Jerrold as Cuthman and his mother, and there are certain other attractions—the broad humour of Noel Willman, for example, and the sound of Robert Marsden's voice. But it is not an hour of theatrical excitement.

"THE BOY WITH A CART."—Mary Jerrold and Richard Burton in an early play by Christopher Fry, presented as part of a double bill at the Lyric, Hammersmith.

SHOWS IN BRIEF

NICHOLAS MEREDITH, ERIC BERRY, ALETHA ORR, BRENDA BRUCE.

"MRS. WARREN'S PROFESSION" (Arts).—And Mrs. Warren's confession also. Aletha Orr's speaking is, for the most part, well-judged, and Brenda Bruce (as that New Woman, Vivie) and Eric Berry help a sound revival of Shaw's once-notorious piece.

THE DUEL SCENE.

"HAMLET" (New).—Michael Redgrave starts slowly and finishes strongly in an excellently straightforward Old Vic revival, directed by Hugh Hunt.

FRED EMNEY, MADGE ELLIOTT, CYRIL RITCHARD.

"THE SCHOOLMISTRESS" (Saville).—The late Victorian game of romps, now with Cyril Ritchard and Madge Elliott, shows us again that the young Pinero was a magician of farce.

Constant practice at the *barre* is one of the essentials of ballet training. Left to right are Firmin Trecu, Elaine Fifield.

Harold Turner (centre), a principal member of the Sadler's Wells (Covent Garden) Company, takes a *pas de deux* class at Sadler's Wells.

ACCENT ON YOUTH:

THE Sadler's Wells Theatre Ballet—nursery for the Sadler's Wells Ballet Company—was formed in 1946, when the latter went to Covent Garden as the resident ballet company at the Royal Opera House. In its early days the Theatre Ballet included a number of experienced dancers as soloists, but as time went on new young soloists began to appear ; most of the dancers being between 16 and 17 years of age. Since then the Company has gone regularly to the provinces during the summer, and during the Sadler's Wells season has given one or two performances a week. This training ground for young dancers graduating from the School and producing and establishing talented young soloists of its own, has created its own repertoire. Established choreographers, including Frederick Ashton and Andrée Howard,

Specially photographed for

Madame Lydia Kyasht (centre), who takes classes both at "The Wells," and at the School, is seen here with members of the ballet and opera companies.

BALLET NURSERY

Rehearsing for the new Spanish ballet *El Destino*, which had its first performance on January 31. Angelo Andes, who is responsible for the choreography, is seen here in check shirt.

have mounted new works on it ; choreographers who have had their first—or first important—works produced at Sadler's Wells are Celia Franca, Anthony Burke, Nancy McNaught, John Cranko. Michael Somes, leading dancer with the Sadler's Wells Ballet, will make his début as a choreographer with the Company later this season. The Company is under the directorship of Ninette de Valois, with Ursula Moreton as Assistant Director ; Peggy van Praagh is Ballet Mistress and producer ; the Musical Director is Guy Warrack. Our pictures show members of the "second Ballet Company" during practice and rehearsal at Sadler's Wells Theatre. This Company, divorced from its parent, is in monetary difficulties, and it is hoped that any who appreciate the value of the work which "The Wells" is doing will give it financial support.

The Sketch" by John Vickers.

Jane Shore (left) and Jean Cadzow in the wardrobe room being fitted with costumes by "Strudi" (Mrs. Strowbridge).

A group from the present production of *Casse Noisette*, with Elaine Fifield as the Sugar Plum Fairy and David Blair as the Prince.

PIERINO GAMBA conducting the Liverpool Philharmonic Orchestra

JEREMY SPENSER in the film *Prelude to Fame.*

PRELUDE TO FAME?

DOES the boy in the centre impress you by his artifice? He provides the only illusion on this page, for left and right are baby maestros of proved skill and worth in the handling of great orchestras. Jeremy, on the other hand, so far has merely been taught how to go through the motions convincingly for the rôle of child prodigy Guido in the film *Prelude to Fame.* If he has ambitions to legitimate musical fame, they are not yet on record. Adapted from *The Young Archimedes*, a short story by Aldous Huxley, *Prelude to Fame* has been made by Two Cities Films and is to be presented in London in April.

ROBERTO BENZI conducting the London Philharmonic Orchestra.

In their drawing-room at The Warren, Bushey Heath, Hertfordshire: General Sir Ivor and Lady Thomas.

A cigarette and a drink in sunshine on the terrace.

NEW Q.M.G. TO THE FORCES

LIEUT.-GENERAL SIR G. IVOR THOMAS, K.B.E., C.B., D.S.O., M.C., G.O.C. A.-A. Command, was born in 1893, the son of Mr. John Thomas, harpist to their Majesties Queen Victoria and King Edward VII. He was educated at Cheltenham College and the R.M.A., Woolwich; and was commissioned in the Royal Artillery in 1912. During the First World War he was twice wounded, and won the M.C. and Bar, and the D.S.O. In 1942, then Major-General, he commanded the 43rd Division, which fought its way to fame from the Normandy beaches to beyond the Rhine. In 1945 he left the 43rd to command the 1st Corps, B.A.O.R., as Lieut.-General. He was recently appointed Quarter-Master-General to the Forces and will take up his appointment in June.

In the walled flower garden with Susan, the dachshund.

Lady Thomas is a collector of rare china.

WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO . . .

TWO PIONEER SKIERS, for being helicopter-towed at breakneck speed.

GLADYS TERRY, for mothering a "Lost World" expedition.

A NEW winter-sports thrill on Lake St. Moritz is "Ski-Kjoering." First experimenters in ski-ing at the end of the towrope of a low-flying helicopter over an ice track at 65 m.p.h. are test pilot Andre Villars and former downhill and slalom world champion Rudolf Rominger. They scored jumps of 25 metres distance over a jumping hill erected on the lake.

PROBABLY the world's prettiest archæologist, Mrs. Gladys Terry is the only woman member of an expedition to Arabia in search of the "Lost World." They hope to discover the secrets of the Queen of Sheba. The party consists of twenty explorers and Gladys, who is in charge of the catering and funds. The expedition has been organised by the American Foundation for the Study of Man

VICTOR ALEXANDER, fourth Baron Wrottesley of Wrottesley Park, Staffordshire, and seventy-seven-year-old bachelor, is a connoisseur of tame mice. His ambition is to breed the perfect spotted mouse—a creature with completely round black spots and white tummy.

JAMES BRAID, five times Open Golf Champion, returned a score of 81 on his eightieth birthday round at Walton Heath, where for 47 years he has been professional. He has holed in one 18 times.

AN oversize "Carmen Miranda" hat was worn by Harold Humfreys, of Brighton, at the Vic-Wells Costume Ball on Feb. 2. Partner Iris Newton, of London, was dressed as a Spaniard.

BARON WROTTESLEY, for attempting to make a mouse change its spots.

GRAND OLD BRAID for battling round in one over his 80.

HAROLD HUMFREYS, for wearing a village show on his head.

. . . AND WE APPLAUD

SIR MICHAEL BALCON,

for capping his 1949 hat-trick with *The Blue Lamp*

DURING 1949, Sir Michael Balcon, supreme production chief of Ealing Studios, gave us three films of first quality—*Passport to Pimlico*, *Kind Hearts and Coronets*, and *Whisky Galore*. This year he leads off with *The Blue Lamp*, hailed by the critics as an "ace" production. Sir Michael has been one of the leading figures in British films for nearly thirty years. His first feature production was *Woman to Woman*. Later he founded Gainsborough Pictures; and after being in charge of production for Gaumont-British, and later M.-G.-M. British, he joined, in 1938, the independent Ealing Studios, of which he has been production head ever since.

TELEVISION . . .

"IS it good television ?" That 's what we have to ask ourselves, all the time, in our approach to this still new medium. It is not a bit of good to consider it in terms of theatre, radio or cinema. For if television is going to fulfil all those glowing promises that are being made on its behalf, it will have to develop a mind of its own and realise that it lives or dies entirely on its merits as a separate medium.

We, too, as viewers, must develop a television mind—forget that it is a sort of tripartite child of the other forms of entertainment and judge it only in terms of itself. Is it, in fact, good television ? If it is, let us give a generous pat on the back ; if not, then let 's administer a hearty kick in the teeth.

The fortnight under review has been interesting from this point of view, because, having pointed the moral, one can give examples of good and bad television in three of Alexandra Palace's main spheres of activity : variety, drama, and documentary programmes.

ON the negative side, the Variety Department gave us "Café Continental." Supposedly this programme is popular enough with viewers, otherwise it would not have been churned out as regularly and for as long as it has been. But popularity is not a critic's responsibility. The idea—at least we take it to be the producer's idea—is that we are sitting at a table in an ultra, ultra-smart night club and having a whale of a good time ; so that when the cabaret comes on to the floor we all go into a positive frenzy of appreciation. Personally, we felt like throwing the cover-charge, house-charge, music-charge and any other extra that might be added to our five-bob-a-nob bill, straight at the urbane head of the Maître d'Hôtel, Claude Frederic. Admittedly, the acts were good and the production, by Henry Caldwell, slick. But from the television point of view it was all rather lamentable. It is simply not good enough merely to plonk a camera or two in front of a cabaret act and let them get on with it. Television is an intimate medium, and you can't feel intimate with the artists if you get the impression that you are watching a flea-circus through the wrong end of a telescope.

ON the positive side we had "Black Magic," a variety programme by coloured artists. This was really superbly done. Please, can we have some more like it ? Great credit is due to Richard Angarola and Bill Martin, who devised and wrote the show—even higher marks to Walton Anderson who produced it. There was no preliminary messing about. Off we went with a bang and right away we were swept into a land of delicious make-believe. Never for a moment were we left to feel that the whole thing was not done for our personal enjoyment alone. Adelaide Hall sang for us—practically *into* us ; Hilda Simms, who is certainly one of the most exciting recent discoveries among dramatic actresses, tore our heartstrings in a dramatic monologue ; Buddy Bradley, whom we 've known as a brilliant dance-producer for more years than we care to admit, produced a pleasant shock by proving that

(*Continued opposite.*

Hilda Simms, of *Anna Lucasta* fame, made a brilliant TV début in Walton Anderson's production of *Black Magic*—a revue with a Negro cast. She appeared in a sketch written for her by her husband, Richard Angarola.

Robert Gibbings, author and artist, was the televiewers' guide to British Museum treasures recently. Roman Gladiator helmets and ancient Greek vases were some of the fascinating exhibits. A very successful programme, due to the irresistible Robert Gibbings.

Peckham Pioneer Health Centre is a fascinating social experiment but, our critic writes, an intolerably dull TV programme. Above, Wynford Vaughan Thomas interviews one of five hundred "guinea-pig" families who submit to regular medical overhauls.

. . . by CYRIL BUTCHER

he is a most talented and amiable clown. He was quite hilarious in a sketch in which he was trying on a new "zoot-suit." And all the time the production flowed smoothly and apparently effortlessly. Item blended into item; time stood still, until "The End" told us that forty-five minutes had passed all too quickly.

PASSING on to the documentaries, we come to "Peckham Experiment." It was all about the Pioneer Health Centre, situated in one of our less favourite districts of London. Now let us establish right away that we couldn't be more in favour of social research. If the Pioneers of Peckham manage to find a formula by which we all may live more healthily and happily, then all power to their worthy elbows. But we are dealing with television and, quite frankly, we found "Peckham Experiment" intolerably dull. This time, forty-five minutes seemed as many hours. Far too much weight was thrown on to the everyday men and women who are the Peckham guinea-pigs. Not being trained actors and actresses they were often inarticulate and shy of the camera, conveying their distress to the viewer. Technically, too, the programme earned bad marks. The liaison between sight and sound fell down rather too often, and we were constantly left swearing at the sight of people mouthing words we could not hear.

On the other hand, we also had two excellent programmes from this department. They both succeeded because their approach was intimate and personal. On the face of it, you would scarcely expect a visit to the British Museum to be exciting and amusing. But it was, thanks to artist Robert Gibbings, who conducted the private view with a droll diffidence that was quite irresistible; also thanks to Keith Rogers, the producer, whose timing of the whole thing was perfect. The other was a further edition of the "London Town" series. Cosy Richard Dimbleby has few equals as a commentator, and Stephen McCormack, the producer, has developed a brilliant technique of his own. His method of smooth juggling with vision, tele-cine and photographic "stills" is one from which others might learn to their advantage.

THE Drama Department really does try very hard. But occasionally it, too, forgets about television. *A Cup of Kindness*, a farce by Ben Travers, fell down for just that reason. In spite of the experienced producing hand of Eric Fawcett it merely turned out as a pictorial version of a stage presentation. There were lots and lots of talk and precious little action. Pity, because otherwise it was a good piece of work all round.

But *Trespass*, by Emlyn Williams, was quite another matter, and John Glyn-Jones can pride himself on a fine production. The atmosphere of the play's ghostly theme was thrown at us in chunks so that the critical hair stood on end and remained vertical. Grand performances by everybody, especially Marie Ney, Daphne Arthur and Anthony Oliver. Mr. Oliver's moment as a medium in a trance was almost too terrifying.

James ·arish set his play *Cheapside* against the terrifying background of the Great Plague of 1665. Above, two plague-stricken neighbours, played by Fabia Drake and Jean Cadell, in a street of old London.

OUR CRITIC'S BOUQUETS GO TO . . .

ANTHONY OLIVER, for his performance as a medium *malgré lui*, in *Trespass*. He showed that an actor who thinks is worth twenty of those who grimace.

WALTON ANDERSON, for getting nearer than anyone else, in his production of "Black Magic," to solving one of Ally Pally's chief headaches: "How to present Variety."

STAGE.—Cecil Trouncer: For the relish with which he helps Claire Bloom to tear up his money as the Melancholy Millionaire in the Anouilh-Fry fantasy, *Ring Round the Moon*, at the Globe.

J. C. Trewin

LITERATURE.—Richard Llewellyn: For his portraits of three soldiers in *A Few Flowers for Shiner*.

CHOICE OF THE MONTH

Selected by our Panel of Experts

RADIO.—Cyril Cusack: For his performance in Louis MacNeice's parable play, *The Dark Tower*.

Frederick Laws

SCREEN.—Anna Magnani: For her performance in Rossellini's *The Miracle*, as the brilliant soloist of a remarkable composition.

C. A. Lejeune

DAVID LEAN . . .

. . . is one of Britain's top-ranking film directors. Such thoughtful and highly-polished creations as *Brief Encounter*, *Great Expectations* and *Oliver Twist* have won him international reputation ; his latest, *Madeleine*, in which his wife, Ann Todd, plays the name-part, is due to have its première to-morrow, February 16, at the Leicester Square Theatre. David Lean and his wife have a house in Kensington ; are planning a holiday in Jamaica before starting on their next picture. [*Photographed by George Courtney Ward.*]

"THE MIRACLE."—Rossellini has dedicated this little masterpiece to the art of Anna Magnani (left), who plays the leading part with power and delicacy.

"THE BLUE LAMP."—A scene from Sir Michael Balcon's latest winner from Ealing Studios, showing the young gangster, Tom (Dirk Bogarde), with his girl-friend, Diana (Peggy Evans).

THE CINEMA ★ REVIEWS

By C. A. Lejeune

"THE MIRACLE"

It is not the place of a film critic to enter into discussions of dogma, and the religious implications and repercussions of Roberto Rossellini's extraordinary new picture are things that can safely be left to others. The British Board of Film Censors, as you know, have refused to grant the film a certificate, and it is being shown in London under L.C.C. licence. Whether you align yourself with the B.B.F.C. or the L.C.C. in this case must be a matter for individual judgment; but from whatsoever angle you regard this film as doctrine, there can be little doubt, I think, of its shining merit *as a film.*

The Miracle is quite short; that is to say, it runs for barely forty minutes. It is a composition written for the performance of a solo actress, and the director has frankly dedicated his work "to the art of Anna Magnani." That is one of the few advantages the cinema has over other media of interpretation—a piece designed for a certain player will continue to be performed by that player; at every show, at every time, and in every country. There can be no manhandling of the part by inferior performers, and the first reading, which is presumably just as the author wants it, remains the last.

This is particularly important in the case of *The Miracle*, which would be unthinkable without an actress of the power and delicacy of Magnani. What a part! What a test of perception, and accomplishment, and courage! What a test of sheer, hard, disciplined *acting*, which must employ every device of highly specialised technical training to give an effect of utter simplicity!

The heroine of *The Miracle* is a peasant woman, who herds her goats on the hills above a seaside village in Southern Italy. Her wits are not bright, but her faith is shining, and when she meets a tramp one day on the higher slopes, she takes him for her favourite saint, St. Joseph. He gives her wine, and, intoxicated with the fumes, and the sun, and her own devotional hysteria, she falls asleep. In the course of time the villagers tell her she is going to have a baby. The simple soul is rapt with pride at what she takes to be a miraculous state of grace, and when they shout "Sancta Maria!" after her in the streets, she doesn't realise for a time that they are mocking. When something of the truth penetrates her dim mind, she turns back to the solitude of the goats and the mountains, stumbling higher and higher as the pains of travail quicken. The baby is born in the porch of a deserted mountain church—and there the film ends.

Magnani's command of this enormously difficult part is superb. Her grip on it never for a moment falters. She acts with her face, her limbs, her voice and every inch of her body, and is not afraid to revert to inarticulate animal noise when the pain reaches its climax. Rossellini need hardly have dedicated his film to the art of Magnani. The art of Magnani *is* the film.

"THE BLUE LAMP"

Ealing Studios have done it again. Their new film, *The Blue Lamp*, is a beauty. I have seldom known a picture, certainly a British picture, that seemed to go by so quickly. I happened to glance at the clock at one point, wondering why anyone had been allowed to kill off Jack Warner so early in the story, and found that three-quarters of an hour had passed already. I'm still inclined, mind you, to regret Mr. Warner's premature demise, and rather wish the cast had been arranged in such a way that *he* survived to the end. A policeman had to be murdered, granted, but couldn't it have been another policeman? Still, all in all, *The Blue Lamp* is such splendid entertainment that it's ungrateful to complain.

As you can't fail to have heard by now, the film is Ealing's tribute to the uniformed constable on the beat. It is a thriller too, of course, and a very good thriller, with a final chase through the streets of North-West London, and an arrest at the Greyhound Stadium at the White City, that is as exciting and fast-paced as anything we have had from Hollywood. But first and foremost, it is a study of the ordinary British policeman, on patrol, in the station and at home; in relation to his job, his wife, his hobbies, his colleagues of the plain clothes as well as the uniformed Force, the urchins in the streets, and crooks and law-breakers, big and small.

The particular blue lamp of the title belongs to Paddington Police Station, but it might as well belong to any police station in any big British city. A couple of young hooligans and a girl are organising a series of small smash-and-grab raids. They grow more ambitious, and hold up a cinema cashier; interrupted by the constable on the beat, one of them shoots the constable. He dies in hospital, and the rest of the film is devoted to a police chase for the killer. It is a shrewd touch that his eventual capture is made possible by the co-operation of indignant citizens, even of the shadier and seedier ones, who can endorse and even indulge in a certain amount of law-breaking, but feel that to shoot an unarmed copper in cold blood is something just not done.

The acting, by Jack Warner, Dirk Bogarde as the killer, Robert Flemyng as the Scotland Yard man, Gladys Henson as the policeman's wife, and many others, is first-rate, and T. E. B. Clarke's script is a model of this sort of film-writing. It is clear that Mr. Clarke knows London like the palm of his hand, and what a felicitous touch he has, by the way, with London children!

FILMS IN BRIEF

"LE ROI."—Maurice Chevalier returns to the screen in a remake of the joyous *Le Roi s'Amuse*, about the pastimes of a Ruritanian monarch on a diplomatic visit to Paris. Two delightful French actresses, Annie Ducaux and Sophie Desmarets, and those little songs about Paree and *le printemps*, add everything you can ask to make a wintry afternoon seem like springtime.

"LOST BOUNDARIES."—No. 3 in Hollywood's colour-problem cycle, about a "white" Negro doctor who conceals his race from friends and children, and has to face ostracism when it is discovered. Well-meaning, but a bit too glib for conviction.

"INTRUDER IN THE DUST."—No. 4 in the same cycle, and the best of the lot so far. Beautifully adapted from the William Faulkner novel, about the wrongful arrest of a Negro for the murder of a white man, and his friends' attempts to save him from lynching. A noble film, full of atmosphere and simple dignity; strikingly and almost terrifyingly quiet.

"NO PLACE FOR JENNIFER."—A new child actress, Janette Scott, in an unconvincing and slightly embarrassing British film about the troubles of a little girl whose home-life is shattered by her parents' divorce. Miss Scott is a discovery.

"YOU'RE MY EVERYTHING."—Anne Baxter, as a film-star of silent days, and Dan Dailey, as a star of "musicals," have to decide whether to let their daughter embrace a career in pictures. Some could advise them.

"COPPER CANYON."—Ray Milland, as a sharpshooting Confederate colonel, tries to help the defeated Southerners get back into business (copper) in a rugged, pioneer saloon town. His problem is the same as the script-writers'—what on earth to do with Hedy Lamarr.

. . . and

PREVIEWS

"SO LONG AT THE FAIR," just completed at Pinewood, gives Jean Simmons her longest rôle to date. The story concerns Vicky, a young English girl who, with her brother, Johnny, visits Paris at the time of the Great Exhibition of 1889. The morning after their arrival she finds that Johnny has disappeared without trace ; the manageress of the hotel where they stayed the night and all the employees protest that they never set eyes on Johnny ; that Vicky came alone. Realising that there is a conspiracy, Vicky is determined to solve the mystery and find her brother. In her search she is helped by George Hathaway, a young Englishman whom she met with Johnny on the night of their arrival in Paris. Together, eventually, they unravel the extraordinary situation and discover what kept Johnny so long at the fair.

At the start of the adventure : Vicky (Jean Simmons) begs Johnny (David Tomlinson) to try to get hotel accommodation in Paris for a week during the Great Exhibition.

After Johnny's mysterious disappearance Vicky locates George Hathaway (Dirk Bogarde) in his studio and is overwhelmed with relief to find that, at last, here is one person who admits the existence of her brother.

Framed by tall hollyhocks and an archway, Mr. and Mrs. Dean Acheson are hard at it discussing garden planning and development.

In his well-equipped workshop at Harewood, during week-ends the U.S. Secretary of State has turned out replicas of antiques worthy of a collector's fancy. Here he is making gadgets for the garden.

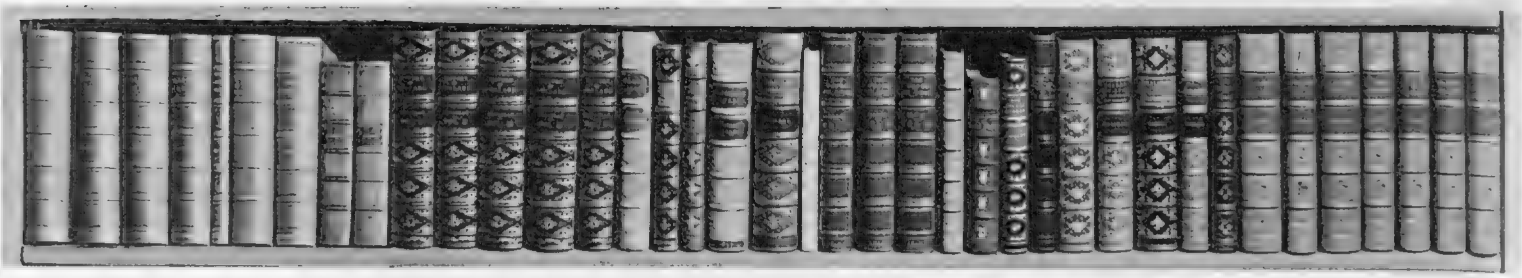
THE OTHER SIDE OF MR. DEAN ACHESON

OUR impressions of the American Secretary of State, Mr. Dean Acheson, are largely connected with hard work. But some twenty miles from Washington, at Harewood Farm, Sandy Springs, Maryland, he relaxes and gardens during week-ends on his 150-acre estate. He bought the place twenty-five years ago, when he and his wife and family spent their summer holidays there. It is an old Colonial house dating back to the 1770's. A tennis court and fine swimming-pool have been installed.

On the lawn, with their typical American frame house, Harewood Farm, in the background. Husband and wife both take their share in running the place, with special emphasis on their two gardens. She's an artist and a keen landscape gardener; her husband's taste runs to dahlias and gladioli. Mr. Acheson has grown some record-breaking specimens in his time.

MR. BEVAN

THE RT. HON. ANEURIN BEVAN, P.C., former M.P. for the Ebbw Vale Division of Monmouthshire, was Minister of Health from 1945–1950. He was educated at Serhowy Elementary School, and the Central Labour College. The son of a coal-miner, he followed the same occupation after leaving school at the age of thirteen. In 1934 he married Miss Jennie Lee, former M.P. for the Cannock Division of Staffordshire. Mr. Bevan's recreations are billiards and tennis. [Photographed by KARSH OF OTTAWA.]



OUR BOOKSHELF

by RUPERT CROFT-COOKE

A FEW FLOWERS FOR SHINER.
By Richard Llewellyn.
(Michael Joseph ; 10s. 6d.)

READING Mr. Llewellyn's new book gives one the sensation of being taken in a fast car over difficult roads and through undisciplined traffic by a supremely good driver. One has the same confidence, the same restful assurance that he cannot make a mistake. Every line of dialogue—and a high proportion of the book is in dialogue—is supremely right, every corner is turned, every problem overcome, with flair and cheerful ease. One reaches the end of the journey exhausted by its excitements, but with one's admiration and trust unimpaired.

The story is, in fact, one of a long drive, right down the spine of Italy from what was then the front line in the north to a point in the south, where a soldier had been buried on a hillside. Snowy Weeks, a R.E.M.E. driver with the Eighth Army, has come through North Africa, Sicily and Italy with the same breakdown van, affectionately known as Rosie. His mate, Shiner, had been killed some months before, and Snowy sets out, with the connivance of Sergeant Whitmarsh, to visit his grave and plant a few flowers on it. Snowy is a true Cockney, with a hard skin and a sentimental core to his nature, a wife and two children at home, and a crude, effective philosophy which sees him through. He has wished on him for the trip a Yorkshireman called Bill Dodds, and the two set out without any pleasure in each other's company. They pick up various hitch-hikers—an American deserter, an English criminal, the American-born wife of an Italian nobleman, destitute children and starving Italians galore. They become involved in events both hair-raising and gruesome among gangs of cut-throats, deserters, black-marketeers. It is therefore an adventure story, with hair-breadth escapes ; but it is much more than that, for Mr. Llewellyn interprets, with a skill and assurance that no one has bettered, the whole nature and aspirations of the men about whom he writes. He has done that well-nigh impossible thing—depicted the comradeship of life in the Services without a hint of the mawkish or the embarrassing. The book goes straight to the top of my fiction list for this year.

★

THE BOAT.
By L. P. Hartley.
(Putnam ; 12s. 6d.)

L. P. HARTLEY

MR. HARTLEY is an intensely individual writer, and to me a slightly bewildering one. There is something esoteric in all his work, as though he were chuckling to himself and to a few initiated readers, and I have the uncomfortable feeling that some of the chuckles are at the expense of people like myself who do not quite know what it is all about. Not, let me say at once, that there is anything patronising or snooty here—on the contrary, it is all very bland and readable, and even the symbolism is not too subtle.

Timothy Casson, a retired and well-to-do bachelor who has lived in Italy, becomes the tenant of an English country house during the war. He has chosen it for its little Gothic boat-house, and his first purchase is a boat, in which he anticipates spending many happy hours rowing on the river. But he finds a formidable body of local opinion opposed to this—chiefly because of their fishing rights, but partly on more general principles. The residents are beautifully etched—the Rector and his wife, Colonel Harbord, an attractive young woman called Vera Cross, the local squire, a Mrs. Lampard, and so on. At first it seems that Mr. Hartley means to give us a quite hilarious comedy, with intrigues and village politics, petty quarrels and jealousies entertaining us as they disturb Timothy Casson. And so, to some extent, he does, for the book is very funny in places in a wry and unmalicious way. But presently it appears that this is only half of his intention, and before he has finished there is tragedy, madness and death. The total result is of fantasy in terms of realism, everyday life depicted with a baroque flourish. Its power and beauty, however, are undeniable.

Books in Brief

GOLDEN SLIPPERS.
By Horace Annesley Vachell. *(Hutchinson ; 9s. 6d.)*

A man of many possessions, an octogenarian resident of Bath, is certified to have died of heart disease. But it is not as simple as that, and Mr. Vachell, himself in his eighties, has not lost his gusto or skill.

MARY WAKEFIELD.
By Mazo de la Roche. *(Macmillan ; 10s. 6d.)*

No more need be said than that this is a new Jalna novel.

PRAIRIE AVENUE.
By Arthur Meeker. *(Michael Joseph ; 10s. 6d.)*

Mr. Meeker is very much at home in the Chicago of half-a-century ago, and can conduct his readers persuasively.

INDIA FOR THE INDIANS.
By Dorothy Jane Ward. *(Barker ; 9s. 6d.)*

Like most Occidental writers on India, Miss Ward talks a lot of sense and a little nonsense on a baffling subject. But her book is well worth reading.

THE RUNNING OF THE TIDE.
By Esther Forbes. *(Chatto and Windus ; 12s. 6d.)*

A vast historical novel about clipper ships and their home-port of Salem, in Massachusetts.

WHITAKER'S ALMANACK, 1950.
(J. Whitaker and Sons. Complete, cloth ; 12s. 6d. Shorter, paper ; 7s. 6d. Library, leather, with maps ; 25s.)

Unparalleled, comprehensive, revised and augmented to date, with its mass of invaluable information on every aspect of people and affairs, national and international.

BIRTHMARK.
By Claude Houghton.
(Collins ; 9s. 6d.)

MR. HOUGHTON, too, creates a world of his own, and to each reader I think it will seem to be the world he knows viewed with a certain astigmatism. As usual, there are characters larger than life whose motives are beyond our understanding. As usual, things have happened before the opening of the story which are as enigmatic as Marston himself. And, as usual, the reader is slowly, piece by piece, allowed to put the puzzle together, till he knows as much as Mr. Houghton about all the characters and happenings in the book. It is an exciting process—I would go further into current idiom and say it is a madly exciting process—and Mr. Houghton, always one of the most readable of novelists, here excels himself. It has to be taken in huge gulps and then will make you late for appointments, or give you cramp before you realise how time has passed while you're swallowing it down. But it won't satisfy you. At the end of it all you come out of a daze, knowing no more of human life and having felt nothing but fierce curiosity about the various people in the story.

CLAUDE HOUGHTON

The particular framework used here is admirable for the author's purpose. A young man comes out of the Army to learn that he is in fact the son of a man and woman who had died in a famous murder case of a quarter of a century ago. He sets out to discover what kind of people they were and what exactly happened. This is the story of his researches

★

MURDER INCLUDED. By Joanna Cannan.
(Gollancz ; 8s. 6d.)

WHEN a novelist as truthful and skilled as Miss Joanna Cannan tackles a detective story, she is faced, I think, with certain special problems. It goes against the grain for her to employ trick characterisation, to show someone behaving in a way wholly inconsistent with his part in the plot, or to make him such a consummate actor that he can fool the reader as well as the other characters. In this case she gets over the difficulty very neatly.

The set-up is a conventional one. There is a big country house which has been in the same family for the proverbial generations. The owner marries a shrewd and likeable woman novelist who sets about paying the family debts and upkeep by filling Aston Park with paying-guests. This has the advantage of providing a weekly income and a nice posse of suspects when one of them, a horsey spinster called Miss Hudson, is poisoned. Quick to arrive is a Left-Wing Detective Inspector from Scotland Yard who is incredulous at what he considers a feudal system still at work, and fails to prevent the second murder—of another of the paying-guests. There is a most ingenious twist here which I cannot even indicate remotely lest I spoil the reader's enjoyment of a first-rate puzzler.

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SHORT CUT

A 1950 head should be short, sleek, shining, sometimes boyish. Call it what you will—the "flapper cut" . . . the "American bob" . . . the "urchin" . . . they all emphasise the tendency of to-day's coiffures to recall the neat heads of the 'twenties.

Everybody's wearing it short. No longer is it considered a passing phase: it seems likely that it will be with us for some time yet.

Our pictures show short cuts from London, Paris, and New York. Less hair means more lavish and showy jewellery, and accessory manufacturers are "going to town." Spectacular dangling earrings, the feather fan, the bracelet worn high on the arm, important jewels and flowers in the hair, round the neck. All these add a touch of glamour to an otherwise severe style.

London hair stylist Vasco, of Dover Street, crops hair short, curls it to frame the face, sweeps a smooth fringe across the forehead—and for parties tucks an orchid into each side. Smooth . . . shimmering . . . young.

Brief . . . boyish . . . casual. . . . This really short hair-do belongs to Paris fashion designer Pierre Balmain's model girl. If curls are cut off pearls take their place, so she replaces her tresses with tassels of pearls and diamonds. The bracelet is worn in a new way high on her arm.

Chic . . . short . . . pretty. . . . A New York hair style that couldn't be shorter. A new version of the " American bob " that flatters the forehead with a cunningly cut broken fringe. It is certainly cute, but needs the help of Hattie Carnegie's chandelier earrings, necklace, bracelet and the jewel-handled feather fan.

A short look for those optimists who hopefully imagine that long hair will soon return to fashion. Heavy hair is brushed smoothly back and brought into a shining swirl. So simple . . . neat . . . young.

Imagine London ballrooms brilliant with glittering hair ornaments and great chandelier earrings. What more perfect foil for them than crisp, neat hair, cut quite short like the style on the left created by Vasco of Dover Street? The hair is tapered and set in little shell-like curls to circle the head. The crown is brushed sleek . . . soft . . . shining.

WHAT GOES ON

Our Puppets Select Their List of Coming Events

★ *This List went to Press last week, so please check with the Daily Papers.*

CEREMONY

Princess Elizabeth visits the Sailors' Home and Red Ensign Club, Dock Street, E., on Feb. 16. On Feb. 17 she attends a lecture at the Royal Institution; on Feb. 25 she will be at the Scala Theatre to see a matinée of "The Girl Friend," in aid of the Royal College of Nursing. She will lunch with the Court of Assistants of the Drapers' Company at the Drapers' Hall on Feb. 28.

ENGAGEMENTS

A marriage has been arranged between:

John Heyworth, of Bradwell Grove, Burford, Oxfordshire, son of the late Lt.-Col. Reginald Heyworth, and the Hon. Mrs. Freeman-Thomas, of Hankerton Priory, Malmesbury, Wiltshire, and Susan, daughter of Sir John and Lady Burder, of Swinbrook Manor, Burford.

Peter, son of Sir Geoffrey and Lady Cator, of 55, Campden Hill Court, W.8, and Katherine, daughter of Captain the Hon. Reginald and Mrs. Coke, of Tudor House, Cuddington Way, Cheam, Surrey.

Major George Mackean, son of the late Mr. C. L. Mackean and of Mrs. Mackean, of Loughanmore, Dunadry, Co. Antrim, and Patricia, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. M. Hely-Hutchinson, 76, Sloane Street, S.W.1.

Lieut. William Drogo Montagu, R.N., son of Major Gèrard Montagu, of Scandiano, Italy, and Mrs. Fetherstonhaugh, of Kirkoswald, Penrith, Cumberland, and Charlotte, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Calburn, of Cowden Cross House, nr. Edenbridge.

Peter Aubrey, son of Sir George Clark, Bt., and Lady Clark, Seapark, Greenisland, Co. Antrim, and Rosemary Frazer, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frazer Mackie, Guincho, Helen's Bay, Co. Down.

David, son of Sir Parker and Lady Morris, 3, Litchfield Way, N.W.11, and Rona Morag, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Gray, Kintallan, Bridge-of-Weir, Renfrewshire.

Richard Bennett, son of the late T. S. Gosling, and of Mrs. Gosling, of Bourne Farm, Halstead, Essex, and Marie, daughter of the late Philip S. Ronayne, and of Mrs. Ronayne, of Ballintemple, Cork.

Courtney Rivière, of 34, Princes Gate Mews, S.W.7, son of the late Mr. and Mrs. George Rivière, and Kiloran Margaret, daughter of the Hon. Arthur and Lady Lorna Howard, of Wappinthorn, Steyning.

John Wynn, son of Sir Oliver and Lady Harvey, the British Embassy, Paris, and Elena, daughter of the late Marchese Giovanni Curtopassi and of Marchesa Maria Curtopassi, 15, Via Stoppani, Rome.

SPORT

RACING

Feb. 15, 16.	Doncaster and Chepstow.
„ 17, 18.	Sandown Park.
„ 18.	Catterick Bridge.
„ 20, 21.	Birmingham.
„ 22.	Plumpton.
„ 23.	Wincanton.
„ 24, 25.	Lingfield Park.
„ 27, 28.	Windsor.

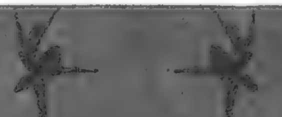
GENERAL SPORT

Rugby Football: Royal Navy *v.* R.A.F., on Feb. 18; Harlequins *v.* Royal Navy, on Feb. 25; Royal Navy *v.* The Army, on March 4, all at Twickenham.

Hockey: Oxford *v.* Cambridge at Beckenham, on Feb. 18; North *v.* Combined Services at Brooklands, Manchester, on Feb. 25.

Golf: The R. and A. Golf Club *v.* Oxford U.G.C., at Royal Mid-Surrey; The R. and A. Golf Club *v.* Cambridge U.G.C., at Worplesdon, on Feb. 18; The Moles *v.* Oxford U.G.C., at Huntercombe, on Feb. 25.

Car Racing: Rallye de Sestrières for sports and touring cars from Feb. 12 to 19, in Italy.



ENTERTAINMENT

STAGE

Old Favourites

"Oklahoma!" (Drury Lane). "Annie Get Your Gun" (Coliseum). "Traveller's Joy" (Criterion). "The Heiress" (Haymarket). "Harvey" (Prince of Wales). "One Wild Oat" (Garrick). "Brigadoon" (His Majesty's). "Black Chiffon" (Westminster). "Sauce Tartare" (Cambridge). "Worm's Eye View" (Whitehall). "Beaux' Stratagem" (Lyric). "On Monday Next" (Comedy). "Young Wives' Tale" (Savoy).

Recent Choices

"A Streetcar Named Desire" (Aldwych)—Vivien Leigh in the Broadway success by Tennessee Williams.

"King's Rhapsody" (Palace)—Ivor Novello's newest musical.

"Treasure Hunt" (Apollo)—Sybil Thorndike in Irish comedy.

"Castle in the Air" (Adelphi)—Alan Melville's Coal Board comedy, with Jack Buchanan and Coral Browne.

"Murder at the Vicarage" (Playhouse)—A good Agatha Christie whodunnit, with Barbara Mullen.

"Queen Elizabeth Slept Here" (Strand)—Dulcie Gray and Michael Denison in light comedy.

"Venus Observed" (St. James's)—Christopher Fry's exquisite verse spoken by Laurence Olivier, Valerie Taylor, George Relph, Heather Stannard and Denholm Elliot.

"Ring Round the Moon" (Globe)—a soufflé by Jean Anouilh translated by Christopher Fry, produced by Peter Brook and decorated by Oliver Messel; with Margaret Rutherford and Paul Scofield.

Just Arrived or Due Shortly

"The Medicine Man" (Embassy)—played by the Glasgow Unity Theatre Company.

"The Purple Fig Tree" (Piccadilly)—a play by a new author, George Ralli; with Margaret Rawlings and Jack Hawkins. Feb. 15.

"Flowers for the Living" (Duchess)—with Kathleen Harrison. Feb. 21.

"Man of the World" (Lyric, Hammersmith)—with Roger Livesey and Ursula Jeans. Feb. 22.

"John Gabriel Borkman" (Arts)—a new version of Ibsen's tragedy, with Louise Hampton and Frederick Valk. March 1-19.

"Home at Seven" (Wyndham's)—a new play by R. C. Sherriff, with Ralph Richardson and Marian Spencer. March 7.

MUSIC

At the Royal Albert Hall:

London Symphony Orchestra under Richard Korn. Solo pianoforte: Solomon. Feb. 16.

London Philharmonic Orchestra. Solo pianoforte: Pouishnoff. Feb. 19.

Philharmonia Orchestra conducted by Rafael Kubelik. Mozart programme. Feb. 20.

Royal Choral Society presents Elgar's "Dream of Gerontius," with the London Symphony Orchestra conducted by Sir Malcolm Sargent. Feb. 22.

At Central Hall, Westminster:

Ernest Read Children's Concert. The Philharmonic Orchestra conducted by Ernest Read. Feb. 18.

At the Wigmore Hall:

Iris Loveridge piano recital in aid of R.S.P.C.A. Feb. 18.

At the Chelsea Town Hall:

Chelsea Symphony Orchestra conducted by Norman Del Mar. Feb. 20.

At the Cambridge Theatre:

New London Orchestra conducted by Alec Sherman. Feb. 26, at 3.

OPERA

The Covent Garden Opera give their final performance at the Royal Opera House on March 3 in "Carmen," before going on an eight-weeks provincial tour.

At Sadler's Wells: First performance of a new production of "La Traviata" on Feb. 21.

Carl Rosa Opera at the People's Palace, Mile End Road: until Feb. 25 and at Wood Green Empire from Feb. 27 to March 4.

BALLET

At the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden: The Sadler's Wells Ballet give the first performance of "Don Quixote," a new ballet by Ninette de Valois, on Feb. 20.

At Sadler's Wells: the repertoire now includes a new ballet "El Destino," by Angelo Andes.

Gala dinner-ball in aid of the Sadler's Wells Ballet Benevolent Fund, at the Dorchester on March 1, with Ballet Cabaret. Tickets from: Hon. Treasurer, 15, Walton Street, S.W.3. Princess Margaret will attend.

ART

At the Royal Academy of Arts, Burlington House: "Landscape in French Art, 1550-1900." Until March 5.

At the Victoria and Albert Museum: Queen Mary's carpet is on view in the Octagon Court until March 12.

At the Guildhall: City of London Art Exhibition.

National Society of Painters, Sculptors and Engravers Annual Exhibition at the R.I. Galleries, 195, Piccadilly.

Royal Society of Painter-Etchers and Engravers at the R.W.S. Galleries, 26, Conduit St. From Feb. 25.

Paintings by Fred Uhlman, Charles McCall and Stephen Bone at the Leicester Galleries, Leicester Square. Until March 2.

Watercolours by Kenneth King. Sculpture by Paolozzi and Turnbull, at Hanover Gallery, Hanover Square. From Feb. 21.

Fuseli drawings and paintings at New Burlington Galleries, Old Burlington Street. Until Feb. 25.

Paintings by Betty Swanwick at the Little Gallery, 10, Piccadilly Arcade. Until March 4.

OTHER ENTERTAINMENT

Foyle's Literary Luncheons: at the Dorchester on Feb. 24. Subject: "The Woman in Fashion"; Speaker: Miss Langley Moore. Guests include: Miss Mary Malcolm, Mr. Francis Marshall, Mr. Digby Morton, Mr. Hardy Amies. Tickets from Foyle's, 125, Charing Cross Road, W.C.2.

Empire Theatre, Leicester Square: a screen-plus-stage programme, with comedy film "Adam's Rib," starring Spencer Tracy and Katharine Hepburn, and a stage production, "Cheers," featuring Max Wall, the Empire Ballet, the Empire Girls and George Melachrino's orchestra.

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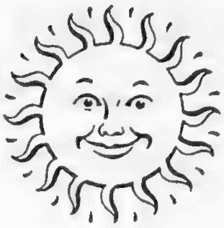

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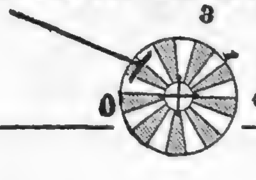

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Were South African wines well-known here before the preference twenty years ago ?

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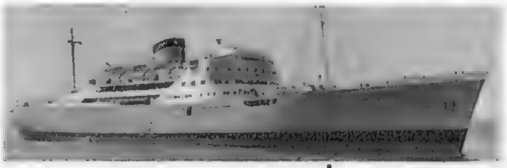

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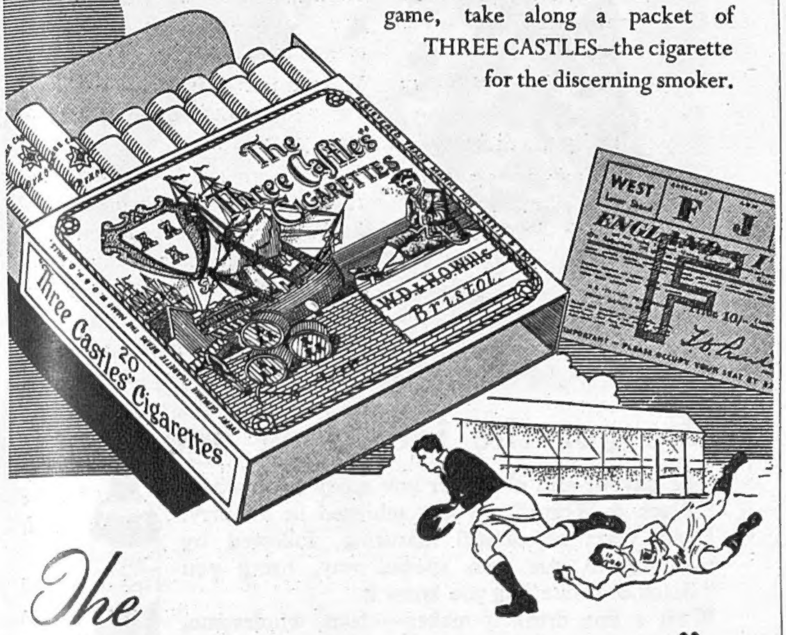

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